

sleep and shadows and
 delusions. The
 magic web, woven of the
 elusive
 charms of a woman, is like
 that,—and
 can it take the place of
 highest truth ?
 Can any creed, born of your
 fancy,
 satisfy the gaping thirst of
 the mid-
 day, when it is wide awake in
 its
 burning heat ?

Supriya

Alas, I know not.

Kemankar

Then shake yourself up from
 your
 dreams, and look before you.
 The
 ancient house is on fire,
 whose nurs-
 lings are the ages. The spirits
 of our
 forefathers are hovering over
 the im-
 pending ruins, like crying
 birds over
 their perishing nests* Is this
 the time
 for vacillation, when the night
 is dark,
 the enemies knocking at the
 gate, the
 citizens asleep, and men
 drunken with